wake of 9/11. I didn't put one on because I needed to see to use my camera.

After the evacuation order came, AP photographer Andy Harnik lingered and took many important images: lawmakers taking cover, and Capitol Police holding rioters at gunpoint.

Andy and I were both in the balcony that overlooks the House chamber. Andy had been on a side where some members of Congress were watching and the police presence was plentiful. I had been on the opposite side with about 30 reporters and photographers. The officers eventually pushed everyone out.

Andy must have been among the last. He said the final frame he shot in the chamber was one of me sitting alone in the House press gallery. Andy caught the terror in the faces of elected members of Congress as they dived for cover. When police rushed the members out, Andy kept his camera up, capturing rioters held at gunpoint by tactical officers outside the chamber.

The Capitol is where I work every day, and I am a familiar face to most police. When those on the chamber floor shouted up at me to get out, I told them I was fine and refused to leave. This is what we do: We stay and report.

One got more belligerent until another officer, a special agent in the protection division who guards the leadership, intervened. He shouted over, ''Scotty's OK!'' Two words is all it took (that and the obvious—they had their hands full with a mob on the other side of door).

The officer, in plain clothes, was Lt. Michael Byrd. Moments later, outside the House chamber, he shot and killed protester Ashli Babbitt as she climbed through a broken window of a barricaded door leading to the Speaker's Lobby.

From that point on, I was the only journalist and the only person remaining in the balcony to witness the standoff in the House chamber.

When the mob began to break the glass in the door, I could barely see the face of one of the rioters. The cops and a new congressman with a law enforcement background tried to de-escalate the situation even as guns were pointed at the hole in the glass.

The room was pretty dark. I was looking through a long zoom lens usually used outdoors for shooting sports or wildlife. I had brought it along for a little extra reach—closeups of faces and details during Electoral College voting, which is normally illuminated with TV lights.

The siege at the chamber door lasted about 45 minutes, until tactical units moved the intruders away. I was then able to move around the balcony above the House floor to record the deserted room and the debris. The gavel used by House Speaker Nancy Pelosi sat on the dais, surrounded by discarded emergency escape hoods and debris.

After the lawmakers and press evacuated, those doors were secured. For another two hours, I was locked in. Then an FBI tactical team swept through and threw me out of the building.

The joint session of the House and Senate resumed about 9 p.m. Andy Harnik and I persevered through the night and finished about 3 a.m. I went back to my office in the Senate Dirksen building, ate some soup and slept from 5 to 7 a.m. Then we started the next day's coverage.

The news went on, as it always does.

People have given me a lot of applause in the past year for what I did on Jan. 6, 2021, for the photos I took, for refusing to leave during the final evacuation. But I want to make one thing clear: I was simply doing my job. As were many of my colleagues.

AP photographers John Minchillo and Julio Cortez suffered the brunt of the riot as they bravely threw themselves between the mob and the police. Manny Ceneta maneuvered his way around the Senate side of the Capitol to capture Trump supporters as they were stopped outside the chamber. Freelancer Jose Luis Magana took the photos of demonstrators scaling the wall of the west side of the Capitol. Jacquelyn Martin and Carolyn Kaster were also at the Trump rally and the march to the hill.

I was working directly with Washington photo editor Jon Elswick, who expedited my photos to the wire. Jon was patient with me because I was sending lots of pictures in a short time. This is usually not good form; we normally use judgment and discretion in how many we send in a short time so that the photo desk isn't overwhelmed.

In this case, I told Jon I was going to move as much as I could. Why? My previous experience in conflict zones and working around the military and police reminded me that my cameras might be destroyed by the mob or my disks confiscated by police. The ability to transmit from the camera ensured that the AP—and the world—would get the photos.

The fact is, I never really came face to face with the mob, except through a telephoto lens. And it really did take every one of us to record this story. Most of us in the Capitol that day—Getty, Reuters, AFP and others—couldn't move around without interference from the mob or the Capitol Police. Each of us covered what we could.

The result, if you will, was like a mosaic—views from different photographers all around the Capitol that composed a more complete picture.

I've witnessed plenty of violence and upheavals before, coups and revolutions, when I was doing conflict coverage abroad, but I am still shocked to experience it here. It was Americans attacking America.

What I saw, and what my camera captured, during the standoff at the House chamber a year ago was this: a place where a line was drawn—with courage, duty and guns.

And though they ultimately failed, in a very real way the rioters succeeded. It was an hour of anarchy, with an unchecked mob bringing one of the country's most sacred ceremonies—and the peaceful transfer of power—to a screeching, scary halt.

I often think about what might have happened if Pelosi had not called the Electoral College back immediately. Postponing a few days might have seemed the normal thing, but that didn't happen. The rioters had mostly escaped the police. Donald Trump was still in the White House for two more weeks. Jan. 6 was one of the longest days in our short American history. Imagine how long 14 more days might have been.

I've been at this a while, and I've learned: Some moments are hard to look at and some are hard to look away from. But whatever the moment might be, the job of the photojournalist—the responsibility—is to show people what they can't see on their own.

To do that, we have to be there.

HONORING MAJOR DAVID MONIAC

Mr. TUBERVILLE. Madam President, I rise today to honor the 200th anniversary of Major David Moniac, the first Native American to graduate from the U.S. Military Academy at West Point.

Today, I would like to share the inspiring story of Major Moniac. He was born in 1802 and lived near present-day Pintlala, within Montgomery County, AL. Several of Moniac's family members were members of the Creek Nation and influenced passage of the Treaty of New York in 1790, which declared peace between the Creek Nation and the United States. This treaty is significant as it contained an important provision for the U.S. Government to educate four young Creek Native Americans. Twenty-seven years later in 1817, David Moniac was accepted into the U.S. Military Academy under this provision at only 16 years old.

Despite facing an uphill battle due to his age and being the only minority at West Point, Moniac persevered. He went on to graduate in the year 1822 as a brevet second lieutenant in the 6th U.S. Infantry Regiment.

In 1836, Moniac answered the call of the U.S. military, to fight for our Nation and aid the Army in the Second Seminole War occurring in Florida. Moniac was named captain and proceeded to organize a unit of Creek Volunteers from Alabama to serve. During the war, this impactful Alabamian demonstrated true leadership as he commanded an assault on a Seminole stronghold and earned a promotion to major in October 1836. One month later, in November 1836, Major Moniac was killed by a musket volley at the Battle of Wahoo Swamp while he was leading a charge of Creek Volunteers. Moniac's death marked the end of the battle.

Major Moniac was laid to rest at a cemetery in Bushnell, FL, near the site of the Battle of Wahoo Swamp. To remember his incredible courage and bravery, the inscription on his grave marker states, ''He was as brave and gallant a man as ever drew a sword or faced an enemy.''

On November 21, 2021, Governor Kay Ivey presented the Alabama Distinguished Service Medal to Major Moniac's family at the Alabama State Capitol. The Distinguished Service Medal recognizes exceptionally meritorious service to the government in a duty of great responsibility.

Today, we honor Major David Moniac for his impact and the transformational change that he led as he paved the way for other Native Americans to receive admission to West Point. His legacy continues to make not only my home State of Alabama proud and grateful for his leadership but our entire country. It is a privilege to honor Major Moniac today in Congress 200 years later commemorating his service and sacrifice.

ADDITIONAL STATEMENTS

TRIBUTE TO TREVOR O'BRIEN

● Ms. HASSAN. Madam President, I am proud to recognize Trevor O'Brien of Lodonderry as January's Granite Stater of the Month. When Cobblestone Ale House, a popular local bar in Keene, was destroyed by a 5-alarm fire, Trevor jumped into action to support the people in his community who were impacted by this devastating event.